Protectors of the Plot Continuum, GS division

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Summary: Based off the story by Jay and Acacia. The realm of Fanfiction is littered with bad slash, bad crossovers and the dreaded Mary Sues. The Protectors of the Plot Continuum must protect the people from these threats. This is the story of the GS division.

Chapter 1: The first Mary Sue

Hello all! I would like to make a few notes before we begin the GS division of the Protectors of the Plot continuum!

1: I do have permission. I emailed them, and they gave me permission. So don't flame me, or send a mini-balrog after me.

2: You probably want to read the original series, or else some of this won't make sense to you. The original series can be found at Camilla Sandman's website. (misssandman.com)

3: I am looking for a second agent. If you want to become one, email me at: evilindex@hotmail.com

Include a name, and some info about your character. Note: by submitting a character, you submit it to any mutilation that I feel like subjecting it to.

4: As Fanfiction.net forbids MSTing, I will not be mutilating any of your stories for this feature. The bad fanfiction that will be attacked and destroyed by the PPC in this fic is created by me, unless noted otherwise. Thank you.

5: Disclaimer: Camelot owns Golden Sun. Jay and Acacia own PPC. I own my original characters. I do not own anything else I mention.

That was the last time you will hear any of that, so pay very close attention.

Now on to the story:
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++++++++++++++++++++ Protectors of the Plot

Contiuum, GS division
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My door has a very big sign on it. That isn't because I am important. That is because I do the jobs of about 6 people by myself. As you probably know, the PPC is understaffed as it is, and a little division like Golden Sun is small already. So, I am the Golden Sun division of the Department of Intelligence, Department of Bad Slash, Department of Mary Sues, and Department of anything else that might come up, which doesn't exist outside of the GS division.

My name is Rob. I am a PPC agent.

Today, I will be telling you about the first time I encountered the dreaded Mary Sue. As the department is slow right now, and I have no choice but to find something to do. (The stupid flowers upstairs took away our video gaming rights)

The first time I encountered a Mary Sue was about two months ago. For those of you who don't know, a Mary Sue is a god-version of the authoress (If it's an author, the creation is known as a Marty Sam) written into a familiar story to mess things up completely. Fortunately for me, the GS division has some variety in its Mary Sues. I pity the people over in LOTR, going to Rivendell all the time.

But that isn't the point.

I was sitting at the console, being bored, trying to figure out a way to get myself a raise, etc.

[BEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEP]

I leaned forward and hit the mute button on the console. I looked at the words on the screen. It was bad. I hit a few

buttons to draw up a disguise (Proxian, if anyone cares.)

I grabbed my gadgets with an energy not seen in the PPC building since the LOTR movies came out. Not having missions helps that way.

The portal opened, and I stepped out into Weyard.

"d00d!" I said, "like, what the hell is, like, going on!" Testing the grammar of a story is essential. That was one thing to add to the charge list.

I glanced at the words. The first major violation of Canon was in Mercury Lighthouse. Crap. I hated Mercury lighthouse. I watched the characters converse over their next move. I was in plain sight for anyone who could see me, but no Canon could. I was there to help.

"Like, Isaac, we should go to the. . . um. . . thingey." This called for drastic measures. Garet should never talk like that.

I whipped out my character analysis device.

[Name: Garet, Canon. OOC 49%]

Good. That meant that there was no character rupture yet. They still couldn't see me. The horrendous dialogue continued. It quickly got to the point where I could no longer stand them. I opened a portal to get to Mercury lighthouse, where the Mary Sue was waiting. With a non-canon around, I knew I would have to hide. So I did. I hid behind a Mimic. As it turned out, this was a bad idea.

Da groop interred the lithouse to see a figer of water posing on front of them.

That was an example of the grammar and phrasing of this story. I couldn't help myself. I started laughing. "HAHAHAHA, interred? HAHAHAHA, oh wait, it's lithouse, gusss It's already lit. Bad timing." That was when the Mary Sue found me.

Note to self: Mary Sues hurt. A lot. Yeah.

Later at the top of the lighthouse, I watched the second violation. Apparently, for this chapter, the author had used spell check. Goody.

"Lacy, how are we supposed to stop Sataros?" Isaac asked.

"Sataros"? Who the heck was that?

[Name: Sataros, canon/noncanon/fuzzybunny]

I quickly shut off the character analysis device, before the thing could explode.

"Don't worry Isaac, we'll do something. After all, we took care of the Mars adepts friend anyway. That wasn't too hard." Lacy said, "Don't worry."

This was the time when they noticed that the lighthouse was already lit.

"Manardi! Damn you! I can't believe you would do something like this!" Lacy scremed.

[Name: Manardi, canon/noncanon/canonnoncanon/fuzzybunny WARNING! MALFUNCTION! FUZZYBUNNY!]

I shut it off again. When a character analysis device started talking in all caps, the thing was just about gone. It had gotten farther in the analysis before reverting to

"fuzzybunny" That meant that "Manardi" was a little in character. Lucky me.

Lacy used a blast of water synergy to hit Manardi and throw her off the lighthouse.

That was it. I couldn't take it anymore. The level of Sueness was driving me nuts. "Bind" I shouted, as I jumped out of hiding.

"You'll never get away with this! Isaac! Save me!" The Sue screamed. Isaac, despite being out of character, hesitated long enough for me to neuralize him. He wouldn't be interfering until he realizes how he managed to get from Vale to Mercury Lighthouse without remembering anything.

"Lacy of Imil, you stand accused of massacring the English language, replacing the character of Mia, messing with the characters of Ivan, Isaac, Garet, Saturos and Menardi, spelling Saturos and Menardi's names wrong, violating the canon of Golden Sun (The group is supposed to help Mia, not get helped by a Mia replacement) and being a Mary Sue. Your punishment is Death."

I opened a portal and dragged her through to Prox. The Golden Sun crew were too stunned to do anything about it.

"Now, Lacy. You've done some very wrong things here today. I'm going to show you what happens to people when they do those things. I would like you to meet my friend, Dullahan."

I stepped through the second portal, which left us both in Anemos Sanctum.

"Actually, Dullahan's too good for you. I'm just going to kill you and throw you into this bottomless pit."

I did.

Well, I always say that one less Mary Sue is one more good fanfiction. I love my job.

+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++
++++++++++++++++ Review or else!

Chapter 2: Extremely bad crossovers

Hello and welcome back to "Tales from the PPC: GS division". What? You say it's not called that? Screw you.

=++= Chapter 2: In which we learn why adepts do not use lightsabers.
=++=

I was very glad there were no Mary Sues in this one. Yes very. I was also unhappy because I also have to be the crossover department. A message to all you writers out there: THERE IS NO WAY THAT LUKE SKYWALKER WOULD GO THROUGH A PORTAL MADE BY "MAGIC" AND GIVE LIGHTSABERS TO FOUR COMPLETE STRANGERS!

In the world of plot, logic SHOULD apply. Thank you.

[Beeeeeeeeep]

I hit the "mute" button. The stupid console had been broken for about four days, but Makes-Things it too busy with higher-ranking agents do fix any of MY stuff.

I opened a portal and stepped through, letting the familiar guise of a Proxian settle around me.

I looked around. At this point, I had not yet mastered the "co-ordinate" feature on the portal, so I usually just portal to the location of the "GS crew".

"Isaac, I sense a disturbance in the force."

Hold on. Stop right there. Ivan can not sense the force, though I guess he IS the most Jedi-like adept. Not that that counts for much.

"Ivan, shut up. You're the only one who gets this 'force' thing anyway."

Phew. Lucky me. At least Isaac was still somewhat in character. I pulled out my handy Character analysis device.

[Name: Ivan, canon, OOC 73% CHARACTER RUPTURE]

[Name: Isaac, canon, OOC 23%]

[Name: Garet, canon, OOC 3%]

[Name: Mia, canon, OOC 50%]

Good. Other than Ivan, everyone seemed fine.

That was when Luke Skywalker showed up.

[Name: Luke Skywalker, noncanon OOC 100% CHARACTER RUPTURE]

Great. At least he will be leaving as soon as the adepts get their lightsabers.

"Greetings strangers. My name is Luke Skywalker. I sense that you have the power to be Jedi. Have a lightsaber."

With that, he handed the laser swords to the adepts and disappeared. I checked the analysis device again.

[Name: Ivan, canon, OOC 80% CHARACTER RUPTURE]

[Name: Isaac, canon OOC 56% character rupture imminent]

[Name: Garet, canon, OOC 35%]

[Name: Mia, canon, OOC 68% CHARACTER RUPTURE]

Crap. ½ of the characters were out of it, and a third was about to rupture. I hadn't seen a case this bad since. . . well. . . never.

The main problem was how to get the lightsabers away from the adepts. Luke was back in his canon, and therefore someone else's problem. Ha.

The group of adepts beat up on Tret using lightsabers. That was when they were interrupted by an avatar Sith lord.

"Puny adepts cannot defeat me!"

The Sith lord drew a triple bladed lightsaber, (do you know how weird that looked?) and proceeded to attack the adepts. Ivan fought him first, but somehow was defeated by the Sith lord.

The real Ivan would have had enough sense to use psynergy.

I decided to make my move. I stepped out from my hiding place, and quickly cast "halt" on the Sith lord. The adepts did nothing to me, as I was helping them.

"Random Sith guy, you are charged with screwing up the canon of Golden Sun and Star wars, killing Ivan, messing with the characters of Garet, Mia, Ivan and Isaac, using a triple bladed lightsaber, screwing up the laws of physics and common sense, and pissing me off. The punishment is death."

I picked up Ivan's lightsaber and ran the trapped Sith through. I used a quick pyroclasm to deal with the body. Good. Now I just had to deal with some lightsaber-wielding adepts. "If you lot would be so kind as to give my those lightsabers?" The group gripped them tighter, except for Isaac who was trying to get Ivan conscious again. "Guess not," I pulled out my Neuralizer, "Ok, look at the pretty lights!"

Flash.

I picked the lightsabers off of the adepts and threw them somewhere in the star wars continuum. (I love portals)

"Ok, you all just beat Trent, but Ivan fell in the battle. You're all going to go into town and talk to all of the former trees and forget that any of this ever happened. Ok?"

Before they could answer, I was gone.

++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++= Review!

Chapter 3: The new agent and the Horror of Horrors!

Well, thanks to BTFreek, we have a new PPC agent!

His name is Adrian, and he is 22 years old. That is all that will be revealed at this time.

Note: The "+" signs surround the telepathic messages of Marquis de Sod, the personnel officer.

=++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++= PPC: GSD: The new guy
=++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++=

The Marquis de Sod looked disgruntled. About as disgruntled as a giant flower can look, anyway. +YOU again? +

Adrian smiled, "Yes. Me."

The flower picked up a file. It was a very BIG file. It said "Adrian, Star Trek Division, Department of Mary Sues" on it. The Marquis de Sod opened it, and pulled out the summary sheet. +Let's see, you were from the Star Trek division, but you got into too much trouble to stay any longer. Am I right so far?+

Adrian smiled, thinking of the pranks he had played on those Trekkie Jerks back in ST division, "Yes sir."

The Marquis nodded, +Right. Anyway, they sent you in for a transfer to the department of Bad Slash, but that just drove you insane. I understand that you just got out of the Department of mental recovery.+

"Yes sir."

+Then your former comrades at Star Trek division sent you to me to reassign you.+

"That's the story, sir."

The Marquis de Sod shook his head-thing. +Let's see, you have 5 counts of revealing the party to Canon characters, 3 counts of attempted homicide of possessed canon characters, 3 counts of bringing 21st century knowledge to the Canon when you shouted "Yes! I beat the Fusion Dragon!", "Yes! I beat the Doom dragon!", and "Yes! I beat Dullahan!", and 7 counts of playing gameboy during a potentially dangerous situation. That's everything.+

Adrian stared. "That's all?" He exclaimed, "I thought I was busted for gameboy at least 10 times!"

The Marquis de Sod ignored him, +I have no choice but to transfer you. You are now the second member of the Golden Sun division.+

"What department?" Adrian asked, a little confused. He had never seen the Marquis de Sod forget anything.

The Marquis de Sod gave a look that looked uncannily like an evil grin, even for a flower. +All of them.+

=++=

Rob was sitting at the console when Adrian arrived.

"Um. . . Hello." Adrian said as he opened the door, "I take it you're the other GS agent?"

Rob turned to look at the new guy, "Yes, I am. What are you in for?"

"Huh?" Adrian asked.

Rob smiled, "I know you used to be in Star Trek. What did you do to get busted down here?"

Adrian laughed, "I played a few tricks on the other agents. They were jerks anyways."

Rob laughed, "I know the Trekkies can be jerks sometimes. No matter what, don't try anything here. If you give us away to a Mary Sue, odds are you will end up in a very unpleasant situation: Dead."

Adrian was a little shocked at this lecture. He wasn't some sort of green recruit! "I know that. I worked in Star Trek for about 3 years!"

"That was Star Trek. The worst that could happen there was you would get thrown into a black hole or something. Here, when a Mary Sue kills you, it's instantaneous, painful and almost unblockable. First strike is crucial to winning here. If you don't get a halt or bind spell off almost immediately, you're toast."

Adrian glared, "Don't lecture me! I played the games you know."

Rob rolled his eyes, "There are no Mary Sues in the games. I'm not trying to lecture you, just warn you. Anyway, if we have to work together, we might as well try and get along. Make yourself comfortable."

Adrian stepped in and dropped his bags on the floor. "No furniture?"

Rob sighed, "I've been begging upstairs for furniture for ages. Maybe now that there are two of us, we'll get something. If you need somewhere to sit, I've heard that behind the console is quite nice."

Adrian stared, "You mean you don't sit there?"

Rob shook his head, "Nah. I like chairs myself."

Adrian dove for behind the console, almost breaking the desk. "Mine!" He shouted as he slammed onto the carpet.

Rob stared, wide-eyed. He was about to make a comment when

[BEEEEEEP][BEEEEEEEP]

Rob turned to the console. "Hmm. . . This is bad."

"What is?" Adrian asked.

Rob stood up and pulled him out from under the console. "Chosen one fic. It's really bad. A Mary Sue shows up at Venus lighthouse, makes everyone 'understand' each other, and then everyone teams up and goes to light the other lighthouses. Not only that, but she's got every male in the group fighting over her."

Adrian looked a little dangerous, "What does she do to Garet?"

Rob looked at the screen, and grimaced, "She has him as a total moron. He trips over his own shoelaces every other paragraph. On top of that, Garet sound like Og."

Adrian started looking really evil. "This one's mine." He said.

"Sure." Rob said.

Adrian punched up disguises on the console (Lemurian). Rob opened a portal, and two Lemurians stepped into the noon sun.

"Adrian you moron! LOWER! It's hot in the noon sun, you know!"

"Sorry Rob. I'm new at this."

Adrian opened another portal, and the two Lemurians stepped on to the streets of Lalivero.

"Wait, 'new at this'? You've been in Star Trek for about two years!"

"Rob, I was insane most of the time."

"Oh yeah."

Adrian looked around. "Hide! Here comes the sue!"

Both agents dived into the bushes, only to discover that they were really cactuses.

"Stupid desert." Rob growled. By this time, the Sue was standing in the center of town, where the two agents could easily observe her.

"Rob, she looks a lot like Sheba."

"That's because she is Sheba's 'older sister' who has realized her true power as a child of the gods."

"Well," Adrian said, "That's one thing to add to the charge list, God- moding."

"Yeah," Rob agreed, "but we have to wait until after Venus lighthouse. We haven't even gotten to the major breach of canon yet."

The sue started walking out of Lalivero, and two hidden PPC agents followed her.

At the foot of Venus lighthouse, the Mary Sue showed just what kind of god- like powers she had. She raised her arms, and was surrounded by a "matrix" of whirling light.

"Adrian, have you ever seen a matrix of light before?"

"No, I haven't. But it sure looks weird."

Rob smiled, "Remember people, beta readers are your friends."

Adrian tugged at Rob's sleeve. "Rob, seeing as how we can't fly, we should probably portal to the top."

Rob looked around. "Good idea. You've got the portal thingey."

Adrian opened a portal, and the two agents stepped to the top of the lighthouse, behind one of those statues.

"Isaac, listen to reason! Saturos and Menardi are trying to help!" The sue was desperately trying to get the groups to join.

"I wish we could skip this." Adrian said, "We both no that nothing will happen until she starts crying."

"This is new," Rob commented, "A sue who can be godlike and pitiful at the same time. Good thing none of the Psychology guys are here. They would spend days studying her."

Adrian shuddered. "Good thing."

Isaac was now explaining his point of view to the Sue.

"If the lighthouses are lit, then someone will take the power of alchemy and use it for evil. We can't let this happen! Even if it is you asking."

"Besides, Maris, you can't think that we would work alongside this scum?"

Rob was taking notes for a charge list. "Name: Maris," He muttered.

"But, you have to see reason, all of you!"

"She's going to start crying now." Adrian said with pure disgust. "I can't watch."

Adrian was right. The Sue broke down and started sobbing. Adrian almost threw up. Rob did throw up.

"Maris! Don't cry!" Isaac and Saturos yelled almost simultaneously.

Garet didn't bother yelling. He ran over and tried to comfort Maris.

Adrian pulled out his character analysis device.

[Name: Maris, Noncanon, Mary Sue]

[Name: Saturos, canon, OOC 79% CHARACTER RUPTURE]

Menardi started throwing up at the scene before her. Rob didn't blame her.

[Name: Menardi, canon OOC 32%]

[Name: Isaac, canon OOC 67% CHARACTER RUPTURE]

[Name: Ivan, canon OOC 32%]

"Psst. Rob."

"What is it Adrian?"

"Why isn't Ivan affected?"

"Simple," Rob said, "No one like a blonde midget. At least, most fangirls don't."

"What about the FBM?"

"That's mainly non-lusters and fanboys who like him because he's cool. If you want to lust, there are others."

"oh."

The sue had stopped crying, but only after receiving Saturos and Isaac's pledge to help her unseal alchemy. Garet had made the pledge too, but he wasn't important.

Behind the statue, the agents were preparing.

"Ready Adrian?" Rob asked.

"Ready." Adrian replied.

"Okay, Three. . . Two. . . One. . . NOW!" Rob shouted.

The agents leaped out from behind the statue, screaming their psynergy out simultaneously.

"Bind!" Rob shouted, just as Adrian yelled "Halt!"

Frozen in place, the Mary Sue could only stare. Isaac and Saturos were a more immediate problem. Garet tried to help the Sue, but Saturos shoved him away.

"Adrian."

"What?"

"Sunglasses. Now." Rob pulled out his neuralizer and pressed the pretty red button.

FLASH

Isaac and Saturos stared at each other, mortal enemies again. Garet, Mia and Ivan walked up behind Isaac. Menardi came to stand behind Saturos. Both groups ignored the agents, who quickly used a portal to get to a deserted clearing in some forest.

Rob spoke first. "Maris, you stand accused of disrupting canon, screwing with the characters of Saturos, Isaac, Garet and everyone else, creating abundant plotholes, making Menardi throw up, making me throw up, putting on the sappiest display I have ever seen, and being a Mary Sue. Your punishment is death."

"Don't forget pissing us off!" Adrian chimed in.

"Ahem." Rob said, "Do you have any last words that are not a dramatic speech?"

The Sue still couldn't move a muscle, but nobody really cared.

"Guess not. Adrian, I believe you wanted this one."

"Darn right." Adrian said, "We're going to have lots of fun together, aren't we little sue?"

"Don't take too long. Upstairs will get pissed off if we're too late."

"I know, I know."

The details of exactly what Adrian did to the sue are much too gruesome to include in this fanfiction. We will just leave it to your imagination.

REVIEW!

Chapter 4: If you thought Dullahan was evil, meet F

Well, thanks for all the applications you guys have sent me, but now that I have a second agent, I won't be needing any for a while. Later on I might decide to add a second team, but until then we are fine agent-wise.

Authors notes that are encountered in the story will be displayed in all caps, to more accurately get the message across.

And now. . .

PPC: GSD chapter 4- And you thought Dullahan was bad. . .

The Golden Sun office was quiet. There was a little less badfic up now that OFUW had started recruiting full-scale. Adrian had managed to hack the console, and Quake was running again. All things considered, life was good.

Unfortunately, the natural laws of comedy were not too busy in the LOTR department to ignore the golden sun office.

[BEEEEEP][BEEEEEEEEEP][BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP]

"Crap! Just when I was getting used to this quiet!"

"Sorry Adrian, I think that after working in Star Trek, you would be used to this."

"I was too busy bugging my partners to care."

"Don't even think of that here-"

"I already told you, I don't need a lecture!"

Rob rolled his eyes and brought the story up on the screen.

"Well?" Adrian asked.

"Well, we have a few lucky breaks here, at least." Rob said, looking disgusted.

"What do you mean?" Adrian asked.

"This is a pre-game fic. It's about the fall of the great warrior Dullahan."

"That can't be so bad, what's the problem?"

"Mainly space-time distortions. It supposedly takes place about a million years before the game, and one of the characters is Isaac's grandmother and the founder of Vale." Rob said, barely believing the levels of badness that this story somehow managed to achieve.

"I take it she's a sue?"

"How did you guess?"

Rob programmed in Proxian disguises, and opened a portal to Anemos, which was, for some reason, in the middle of Angara. Suddenly a booming voice rang down from the sky.

"Damn authors notes!" Rob muttered. Adrian just plugged his ears.

THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW DULLAHAN CAME TO BE THE GUARDIAN OF ANEMOS SANCTUM. IT ALSO INCLUDES ISAAC'S GRANDMOTHER, KAYLE. SHE'S NOT A MARY SUE

"First rule of fanfiction," Rob quoted, "If the author say's it's not a mary sue, it is."

The fiction opened with "Kayle" meeting Dullahan (His first name is Frank) On a starlit night near the sanctum.

"Dullahan had a first name?" Adrian asked.

"Dullahan IS his first name, but this author didn't know it." Rob said.

Frank Dullahan, great warrior of Anemos-

"Mercury save me," Groaned Adrian.

-walked into the clearing, and saw the most beautiful girl ever sitting there, looking straight at him.

"Well, that makes total sense," Rob said sarcastically, "EVERYONE knows that beautiful girls just sit around waiting for lust objects to notice them."

"Well, you have to admit," Adrian said, "Dullahan as a lust object is pretty original."

Rob just groaned.

After Frank and Kayle set the world record for "Shortest amount of time passed between first meeting and getting married" (5 minutes, 23 seconds), the action started to really heat up. A very evil force named Ivan "TOTALLY A COINCIDENCE" started attacking Anemos. If that wasn't bad enough, Frank was about to start becoming evil.

"I wonder what the authoress has against Ivan?" Adrian wondered.

"Probably nothing. She's just to stupid to make up her own evil, so she twists something else."

"Frank dear," Kayle said, "I don't want you going out like this. It's dangerous."

"Sorry honey," The creature known as Frank Dullahan said, "I have to. If Ivan isn't stopped, we'll all die."

Adrian winced. "Can we skip ahead to the part where we get to hurt her?"

"Good idea." Rob said. Two minutes later, they were gone.

The portal device malfunctioned. Ordinarily, this would have been a bad thing, but this time it dumped the agents right on top of the Mary Sue as she was walking through the deserted streets of Anemos 15 minutes after the "major no-no" as most PPC agents put it.

"Um," Adrian said, a little unsure of what to do.

Rob wasted no time. "Bind!" He shouted sealing the Sue's psynergy.

"Kayle, you are accused of violating canon by giving Dullahan a first name, causing one hell of a space-time distortion, giving me a headache, causing Anemos to be in Angara, making Ivan evil, making Ivan appear 'thousands of years' before he even existed, pissing me off, and being a mary sue. Any last words that are not a dramatic death speech?" Rob asked.

"You can't do this! I'm Isaac's grandmother! If you kill me, the canon will be shot to hell!" The sue said triumphantly.

"Sorry sweetheart," Adrian said, "Isaac's grandmother won't be born for another few thousand years. Now say hello to my claymore." Adrian pulled out the sword and ran it through the sue's chest, and then decapitating her just to be sure.

"I'm glad she's gone." Rob said, throwing the body into the ocean.

"Yeah, me too." Adrian said, as the agents went back to HQ, "I wonder what her grandson would have been like?"

REVIEW!

Chapter 5: The Great MarySue Extravaganza, part 1

Well, thanks for all of your reviews. I appreciate it all. I'm also glad that Frank Dullahan was such a hit. I mean, hit as in "Most evil violation of canon my distorted mind could think up." It's a pretty hard act to top. Naturally, I have to now. Ah well.

A few changes. The actual story will be enclosed in {} brackets, to make it easier to tell it apart from the PPC parts.

Protectors of the Plot Continuum: GS division.

Rob leaned back and sighed. Life was good. Adrian had finally found his niche here at the GS division, and had given up his old habits of being a subversive little [expletive deleted]. OFUW had been doing its job very well. Many fangirls had been carted off to the aptly named learning through pain program. Life was good. Well, as good as it got when you were stuck in a dead end job with a flower as a boss and where employees had the lowest survival rate since loyalists during the Reign of Terror back in France.

Of course, the natural laws of irony are strictly enforced around here, so now it's time for the [BEEEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEEEP] [BEEEEEEEEEP]

Adrian smacked the "off" button. The beeping stopped. He sat up in his chair and looked at the screen on the console. "I think Churchill put it best," Adrian said, "Shit."

Rob rolled his eyes, "You want me to believe that Winston Churchill ever said 'shit'?"

"Well, he probably said it at some point in his life." Adrian retorted.

"Wait. Why are you talking to me about the cursing habits of Winston Churchill? What about the mission?" Rob asked.

"It's bad." Adrian said.

"It always is." Rob remarked, "It always is."

The mission was, indeed, bad. Some moron, had as usual, screwed everything up. And, as usual, the PPC were left to straighten it out. Rob opened the portal, and two Proxians stepped into the land of Weyard.

"So, how bad is it?" Rob asked.

"Horrible," Adrian said, "Some moron decided to switch the good guys and the bad guys around."

"What's wrong with that? It's perfectly acceptable under the Alternate Universe code, section 4, paragraphs 23 and 24, Clauses 59 and 45." Rob said.

"It gets worse" Adrian continued, "The authors-"

"Wait," Rob interrupted, "Authors? As in plural?"

"Yeah" Adrian replied, "They're posting it under one username, but it was supposedly a collaborative effort. You'll see in a minute. There's one hell of an authors's note." As Adrian had predicted, the authors's note was coming.

HEY. THIS IS ISSACLUB5543, ALONG WITH A BUNCH OF OTHER PEOPLE, INCLUDING MANY OF MY FRIENDS AND JENN43. WE DECIDED TO DO THIS SUPERCOOL MARY-SUE FREE FIC

"Yeah right." Rob said.

FOLLOWING THE ORIGINAL GS STORYLINE. WE SWITCHED THE PEOPLE AROUND, SO THE PROXIANS WILL BE THE GOOD GUYS, AND ISAAC AND CO. WILL TRY TO STOP THEM. THERE ARE ALSO SOME NEW CHARACTERS HERE WHO NEED TO STOP ALL THIS AND SET THE UNIVERSE THE RIGHT WAY.

"Huh?" Adrian asked.

Rob looked at the words, "They're all Mary Sues. It appears that there is one for each of the main characters. The Proxians are free from this, luckily."

Adrian flinched, "Love interest?"

"Naturally." Rob replied.

"Even Garet?" Adrian asked, naming the least popular character for Mary Sues. He was like the GS version of Gimli: Cool, but no one's lust object.

"Even Garet." Adrian replied.

"We've got our work cut out for us then." Adrian said.

The agents approached Prox. This was where the story started. { Isaac lookd up at teh drk sky. I don't like this he said, I think somehting bad id happenng}

"Well, holy crap." Adrian said, "This is worse than I thought."

"Shut up and watch." Rob hissed. { wow u are butifl}

"I take it this is the sue?" Adrian asked.

"yup." Rob replied.

"Can we kill her now, or must we wait?" Adrian asked.

"We have to wait. She hasn't committed any major breach of canon yet." Rob replied.

{ i lub U Issac said. U mean eveethin to mi}

"'mi'?" Rob asked, "does the author speak Spanish, or is she just trying to be cool by spelling phonetically?"

"Beats me." Adrian said.

{ the groop road to vial. Their was Sturis and Manird. Thay sied U can't do this, we wil stop U}

At this point, the as-yet unnamed sue dropped dead. Later it was determined that she had died when all her blood vessels exploded simultaneously. PPC scientists later discovered that extreme hatred of a living being could cause blood vessels to pop. Hmm...

(A/N: This will be a multi-part fic. The other seven Mary Sues will be disposed of later, and with much creativity. Also, the author will probably begin writing better, because this grammar and spelling makes my head hurt.)

Chapter 6: The Great MarySue Extravaganza, part 2

Well, it's time for the dreaded second installment in the [fanfare] Great Mary-Sue Extravaganza! Featuring slightly better spelling! And Grammar check!

The Great Mary-Sue Extravaganza, part 2

The first Mary Sue has been destroyed. Adrian gave thanks to the Benevolent Goddess of Fanfiction for small blessings. I bet you didn't know the was a Benevolent Goddess of Fanfiction, did you?

Rob and Adrian sat on a rock somewhere near Vault. They had been in this fanfic for about a week now. Thankfully, the writer had changed on the second chapter (with way too many author's notes, but at least this new author used spell check). The adepts (Now Proxian) had been hanging around Vale for an awful long time while the authoress wrote Proxian romance.

"What's happening now?" Adrian asked. He was lying on the ground, looking up at the clouds. Rob closed his eyes, entering the meditative trance that all PPC agents used to read The Words.

"Saturos and Menardi are... no wait, never mind. There are some new people named Satires and Mansard. They are having a 'romantic' evening in Isaac's house." Rob said.

"Remember kids," Adrian said in that annoying "old video announcer" voice, "Never take spell check's suggestions automatically."

"I wonder if Satires is funny?" Rob asked sarcastically.

"Nah," Said Adrian, "He just has a weird tendency to talk in spoonerisms*. Hey, do you play Magic*?"

"It depends. Are you talking about the card game, or the ritual of the Alhiro people of the Migy river valley?*" Rob asked.

"The card game." Adrian replied.

As it turns out, Rob does play that particular card game, and our intrepid heroes spent many happy hours playing and cursing at each other. Friggin' dragons. Things were going just great until...

"Holy Crap!" Rob said.

"What is it?" Adrian asked.

"They left." Rob replied, "I was sure that Satires and Mansard would be all romantic for a while longer."

"Oh." Adrian said, "Now what?"

"Well, somehow they catch Garet and Jenna in Vault, along with their respective sues." Rob said.

"Can I kill Garet's?" Adrian asked. PPC agents tended to get rather close to their favorite characters, and ended up closer to these characters than anyone else. This peculiar behavior has been attributed to the much closer relationship that PPC agents have with canon characters.

"Only after they kill Satires about two months two early." Rob said.

"Deal." Adrian said. The agents got up and walked toward Vault.

{ Satires and Mansard walked into the pristine town of Vault. "Where are we?" asked Satires. "I don't know" Mansard replied. "Why don't you check the GPS"}

"And charge number one. Blatant 21st century knowledge and technology." Rob said, "There is no way in a frozen hell that either of them would even know what a GPS is, much less have one." The agents watched as Satires produced a GPS and determined their location, the town of Vault.

{ "Halt!" Said a mysterious voice. Satires and Mansard turned around and looked. For people stood there. Garet and Jenna, accompanied by two people Satires had never seen before. "Who are you?" He asked. "My name is Neoma." Said the girl standing by Garet. "There is a huge problem here. You are supposed to be helping light the lighthouses, not trying to stop-" Before she could finish, Satires interrupted. "What are you talking about? You are evil!" Satires drew his sword, and with Mansard at his side, he leaped at Garet. Suddenly he felt a stinging sensation. He was thrown backwards. He stared at his side, in shock at seeing the sword sticking out of it, and the other Proxian he didn't know... wait a minute. Who the hell are you two? You aren't supposed to be here! Satires is supposed to die! Don't save him! WTF? Neoma is dead? What are you talking about? Charges? WTF?}

"I always love watching the words when we start screwing everything up." Rob said.

"Yes," Adrian agreed, "It is nice watching the confusion in the author's words when we start dispensing justice on their

creations. So what do we do with this one?" He pointed at the unconscious (and unnamed) mary sue.

"Well, I'm religious, sort of." Rob said.

"I didn't know that." Adrian commented.

"Well stop interrupting," Rob said, "Anyway, the Benevolent Goddess of Fanfiction requires ritual sacrifices, and...well..."

"Sacrifice," Adrian said, "I like! Let's do it!"

And so the agents didst openeth a portale to the sacrede lands, and they didst throweth the Mary sue upon the sacrede alter, and covereth her with the sacrede oil, and they didst lighteth it on fire, and lo, there was a bonfire, and they didst roasteth marshmallowse, and haveth a feaste, of holy s'mores, and they didst eateth the lambe. And the goate. And the other lambe. And lo, the holy ceremony endeth, and the author stopped using those stupid fake olde english words.

Footnotes:

*A strange reference to the American political satire group The Capitol Steps, who have a feature called "Lirty dies" that involves discussing current events in spoonerism.

*A Trading Card Game from Wizards of the Coast, which I do not own.

* Something I just made up

It's the end! For now!

Chapter 7: The Great MarySue Extravaganza, part 3

Well, it's time for part 3 of the [fanfare] Great Mary-Sue Extravaganza! Guess what! I'm going to respond to reviews from now on, unless I get about 80 of them, in which case I'll just choose my favorites.

8BTFreek: No, Adrian doesn't like killing Mary-Sue's anymore than Rob does. He just likes to kill anyone who messes with Garet.

And now:

Great Mary-Sue Extravaganza Part 3: Introducing the Cannon of Canon!

The new chapter opened on a beautiful scene of trees, grass and sow. Falling from the sky. Rob reasoned that it was supposed to be snow, mainly because they were in Imil. However, after the agents' lunch had been squished twice by falling female pigs, he started to have his doubts.

"I swear they do this on purpose." Rob said, vaporizing a falling pig.

"No, they just phrase their descriptions oddly." Adrian said, hiding under a large rock, "They just phrase things weirdly. They said that 'sow was falling' Now, if they had misspelled 'it was snowing', then we'd just have to deal with a bunch of people sowing all over the place. This is just a very irritating coincidence."

"I doubt that." Rob said. The agents eventually found a rock big enough for them both to hide under. There they finally

managed to have their lunch (BLT sandwiches and sausage). After they finished, Rob took a quick look at The Words. "We've got somewhere between 'several months' and 'seconds'." He said.

"What do you mean?" Adrian asked. He too glanced at the words. "Holy crap. 'months later they arrived at Imil, where sow was falling. A few seconds after they left, they found the healer Alex.' What are they thinking?"

"No idea" Rob said, "But we can't kill the next one until on top of Mercury Lighthouse when the Sue totally upstages Saturos and Alex."

"So... Now what?" Adrian asked.

"Now, we get rid of this stupid Sow." Rob said.

"How? I already tried praying to the Benevolent Goddess of Fanfiction, and that didn't work." Adrian said.

"We use the Cannon of Canon, of course. Did you see ANY pigs in the GS games? How many of them fell at all, much less from the sky?" Rob said.

"Point." Adrian said, "So how do we GET this Cannon of Canon?"

"We have to sneak into HQ, and enter the incredibly complex doomsday code, and then we have to cut four-hundred wires in exactly the right place at the right time, while counting backwards from one googleplex* in Latin. Then we grab the Cannon and escape through the incredibly complex maze in ten seconds. Then we just have to decode the encryption key on the firing mechanism, the one that took the most powerful computer in the world two years to

come up with. When we do that, we can fire the cannon, as long as it doesn't jam."

"Please say you were kidding." Adrian said.

"I was" Said Rob, "But you should have seen the look on your face."

Adrian then opened a portal to the storage closet, where the PPC keeps one of several Cannons of Canon. After much dragging, Adrian got the bright idea to open a portal directly under the Cannon, and thus dropping it into Weyard.

"Why didn't we think of that earlier?" Rob asked.

"Because we're stupid." Adrian replied.

"Oh." Rob said.

The agents aimed the cannon of Canon into the sky. Rob aimed it at one of the falling sow. There was a very large explosion. When Rob and Adrian regained consciousness, they were being yelled at telepathically by a very large flower wearing a suit. +What were you doing? You almost got yourselves killed! Not to mention that you almost tore the entire GS universe to shreds! How can you be stupid enough to use a Cannon of Canon in a sue-infested world! We had to call in half of the department of blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah+

The end. For now.

*A googleplex is actually a real number. It can be expressed as ten to the power of one google, which is also a real number (A one followed by one- hundred zeros). A

googleplex can also be expressed as 10^(10^100).
Seriously.

Chapter 8: The Real World

Well, I decided to introduce a few new departments today: The Department of Author Correction, and the Department of Public Relations. Hope you all like them!

PPC:GSD Chapter 8: The Real World

Rob sat in the one chair the GS department was entitled to, trying to catch a bit of what passed for rest in PPC headquarters. Adrian and Rob had just returned from a thorough chewing out by the Sunflower Official. Using the Cannon of Canon to almost destroy an entire continuum had not gone over well with the people upstairs, and the incident had more or less destroyed any chance they had of getting promoted.

Of course, Mary Sues rest for now agent, so naturally, the console went:

[BEEEEP]

"Bjeb! Jaghtk! Krhrkjl!" Adrian said, waking up rather violently.

Rob hit the mute button, and called the case up on the console.

"Holy [Editors note: This portion of Rob's comment has been deleted to prevent us from having to change this fic's rating to R]" Rob said.

"That bad?" Adrian asked.

"Yep. It scored a 250 on the GS Mary Sue Litmus test." Rob said.

"Holy [Editors note: This portion of Adrian's comment has been deleted to prevent us from having to change this fic's rating to R] is right" Adrian said, "that's a full blown continuum rupture."

"Exactly. It would appear that the GS characters are now roaming the streets of New York City." Rob said, "This is bad. Very bad."

"So," Adrian began, "what exactly are we supposed to do about it?"

"Well, we have to get the characters back into their continuum. What's left of it" Rob said, "then we have to deal with the Author."

"Ah. Let's go then."

The operatives opened the portal to the 'real world' and stepped through into Times Square. The area was in chaos. Cars were piled up all over the place, and there were terrified pedestrians everywhere. The NYPD was in the process of setting up protective barriers around the area. Adrian and Rob looked around as the stampeding crowds flowed around the agents. Since they were in the real world, they were under the opposite effects of their usual protections. Noncanons wouldn't notice them, unless the agents wanted the noncanons to see them, yet canon characters would see them. There was some complicated explanation for all of this, but, as usual, the only person who really understood it was Makes-Things, and he hadn't bothered to explain it to anyone for five years.

The agents quickly located the source of the commotion. In the center of Times Square, Alex stood amidst the ruins of some building (it was more or less impossible to tell what it

had originally been). Several heavily armed squads of Police were attempting to subdue the Adept, but they had an unfortunate habit of becoming Police Shishkebab on Alex's psynergetic ice spikes.

"Hoo Boy." Rob said, drawing his sword (don't ask where a PPC agent gets his/her sword. They don't really know themselves). Rob and Adrian ran towards Alex, avoiding the NYPDkabobs, and barely dodging his attacks.

Alex, being a canon character, spotted them instantly. "Who the heck are you?" He asked. Not waiting for an answer, he launched a deadly Mercury psynergy at them. Rob hit the spell full force, and was thrown backwards several feet. However, Adrian was not targeted by the spell, and tackled Alex, pulling him out of the way of a NYPD volley of antiriot 'safe' rubber bullets. Rob staggered back up and pulled out the neuralizer.

"Adrian. Sunglasses. Now" Rob said. Adrian pulled out his PPC issue sunglasses and put them on, somehow still managing to hold down a struggling Alex. Rob pressed the pretty button, and a flash of light erased Alex's memory of the incident. Rob opened a portal, and Adrian pushed Alex back into what was left of the GS continuum.

Rob closed the portal, and Adrian stood up to look at the damage caused by the rampaging mercury adept.

"Are they all like this?" Adrian asked.

"To be honest, I have no idea." Rob replied.

"Yo! GS agents! Over here!" a voice yelled from behind a pile of rubble. Adrian and Rob ran around to the back of the rubble to see who had been shouting for them. Standing there were three PPC agents wearing standard-issue

uniforms, complete with department insignia. Two of them were Department of Public Relations people, and the third was Department of Emergencies.

"Hi" Said the DE agent, "I'm agent Ezequiel, and these people are Lavarna and Luvenia from the Department of Public Relations."

The Department of Public Relations was a misnomer. A better descriptor would have been Department of Lack of Public Relations, but that wouldn't fit on the nametags. The job of the PR people was to make sure that no one knew of the existence of the PPC, and that no lasting harm was done. This meant rebuilding after disasters like this one, heavy neuralizer work, and nursing the 'clients' from the Department of Author Correction back to health. This put them at odds with the Department of Author Correction, who were charged with making sure that the authors responsible for disasters like this one were in a lot of pain for a long time. In this business, sometimes you just had to hurt someone.

Agent Ezequiel spoke again, "This is one of the worst cases of Real World contamination I've ever seen. It's like Subreality(1), but here the canons have no idea what is going on." He shuddered. "Anyway" he said, "you guys are Department of Mary Sues, right?"

"Well, that and everything else." Rob said.

"Well, mostly Mary Sues, right?" Ezequiel asked.

"Yeah. That and a bit of crossovers." Adrian replied.

"Good" Ezequiel said, "I'll take care of the canons. You just worry about the author. When the barrier between the real world and the Continuum was breached, the Mary Sue

merged with the Author who created her. I have no idea what sort of powers a GS Mary Author will have, but the LOTR ones always knew more magic than Gandalf, could fight better than Aragorn, Legolas and Gimli combined, could resist the ring better than Tom Bombadil, etc."

Agent Luvenia interrupted him, "Shut up Ezequiel. Don't worry about this mess, you two. That's our job, right Lavarna?"

"Right." Lavarna said. The other three agents split up and walked off to their separate jobs, leaving Adrian and Rob to go face down the author.

The end! Of this chapter!

Tune in next time for the confrontation between the GS agents (now psynergy- less in the real world) and the Mary Author!

I sort of like using other agents besides Rob and Adrian. I need to work on developing their personalities more, and I think that bringing in some other characters for contrast would help. Maybe. Perhaps I'm just rambling. Yeah, I probably am. However, I do like the characters of Ezequiel, and what we've seen of Lavarna and Luvenia. I just might keep them around.

As always, Read and Review. Thanks a lot.

Footnotes:

(1)Subreality, according to the glossary of Fanfiction Terms, is a place somewhere between the Real World and the various continuums where the Characters and Authors meet. It is used in lots of fanfiction, and many times during the

authors notes, and during the very beginning of most parodies.